

The Musical World.

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EXETER HALL.—ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT, ON MONDAY EVENING, commence at Half-past Seven. Vocalists, Anna Bishop, her FIRST APPEARANCE since her return, Madame Weiss, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Weiss. Solo, Violin, WIENIAWSKI. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. George Loder. Admission, 1s.; unreserved seats, 2s.; reserved seats, 5s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; to be had at the Music Warehouses; at the Hall; and Mapleson and Co's. Musical Agency, Haymarket.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mendelssohn's LAUDA SION, Beethoven's Symphony in D, and Professor Bennett's MAY QUEEN, Wednesday next, December 15, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAR. Principal vocalists, Miss Banks, Miss Martin (her first appearance), Madlle. Behrens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Subscription for the series of eight concerts: Stalls, 30s.; Galleries, 15s. New subscribers will be entitled to an extra ticket for this concert; Single Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s. Commence at Half-past Seven. THOMAS HEADLAND, Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS. President:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, K.G. The Provisional Meeting of this Society will be held at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, December 17. Doors to be open at Seven, the chair to be taken at Eight precisely. The proceedings will terminate with a Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music. An Exhibition of Pictures and other Works of Art will be open throughout the evening. Artists and others desirous of contributing works for the occasion are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary not later than on Wednesday at noon. Admission free, by tickets only, for which application may be made, on and after Monday next (specifying whether for gentlemen or ladies), to the Hon. Secretary; or to Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., Pall-mall East; Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Pall-mall; Messrs. Leggett and Co., Cornhill; Mr. Sams, 1, St. James's-street; and Messrs. Cooke and Co., 6, New Burlington-street. (By Order) WM. HOLL, Hon. Sec. 21a, Saville-row, W.

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"Now that Miss Arabella Goddard is making fugues popular by playing them before large audiences, the publishers of 'Bachiana' (who, we presume, are responsible for the invention of that derivative) have not done unwisely in commencing their Serial with specimens already introduced in public by that young lady, whose dauntless faith in classic models is one of the secrets of her success."—*Literary Gazette*.

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"SOUVENIR DE GLUCK." (Armide).—Arranged
for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES MCKORKELL. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where may be obtained "La Joyeuse" (Souvenir des Champs Elysées), by C. McKorkell, price 3s.

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VOCAL.

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MERRILY, MERRILY SHINES THE MORN
(The Skylark's Song), by Alice Foster. Sung by Madame Rudersdorff, and invariably encored, is published, price 2s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

G. A. MACFARREN'S NEW SONG.—"THE
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TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.—MEYERBEER'S SERE-
NADE, "THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY," sung at the opening of St. James's Hall, by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association of 300 voices, is published in vocal score, 4s., and separate vocal parts, 6d. each, by Duncan Davison and Co. (Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandus, de Paris), 244, Regent-street, London.

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NEW MUSIC FOR THE ORGAN.—Introduction, and fugue dedicated to his friend the Rev. Frederic Parry Hodges, D.C.L. (Vicar of Lyme Regis, Dorset, and Fellow of Winchester College), by Dr. James Pech. Price 3s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

NEW MUSICAL TOY.—The Scale with Moveable Notes.—A most ingenious invention, combining instruction in the art of composition and amusement. Price 12s., including Instruction Book, Part I: London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

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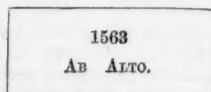
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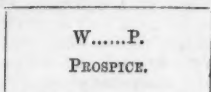
THE CHURCHES OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

At the commencement of the present century Stoke Newington is described as a pleasant village lying three miles north of London; having an ancient little Gothic church, standing in a well-stocked little graveyard, and presenting, as viewed in connection with the windings of the New River, which skirts the village, a very picturesque appearance. But London has now reached it, and the once sequestered little village of Stoke Newington is fast becoming absorbed in the great metropolis.

Although it is evident a church has existed here since the time of Edward the Confessor—perhaps from that of his predecessor, King Athelstan, about the year 940—yet the earliest records relating to the sacred edifice itself is in the continuation of Stow, which states that the church was “repaired, or rather new-built,” by William Patten, lessee of the manor, the date of which, carved in stone, still remains over the porch door thus:—



Above another door a little more to the east—Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, used as the vestry—is the arms of that gentleman with the initials of his name, and his, motto:—



The south arcade of the nave and the lower portion of the tower are undoubtedly remains of the former edifice, and date, probably, a century anterior. In the year 1716 the church was enlarged, and at the same time an exterior shell of brick was added; the ancient windows all removed, except that on the east side, and brick casements inserted. In 1806 a further enlargement of the edifice took place, together with a thorough repair, when the outside was covered with cement, to imitate stone, and the inside was embellished and newly paved, and an organ set up at a total expense of £2,500.

In 1828, the church, still too small for the wants of a growing neighbourhood, was placed in the hands of Mr. Barry (now Sir Charles, architect of the Houses of Parliament), for further augmentation and improvement; and in carrying out this, he gave to an irregular and shapeless structure the appearance of comparative uniformity the edifice now wears. He pulled down the northern arcade of the nave, re-built it on a larger scale, and added a second north aisle, placing a gallery in it; extended the edifice eastward for forming a chancel, replacing therein the old eastern window of five lights, with its stained glass; added a clerestory to the nave, and a shingled spire to the tower, in place of the old wooden bell-turret, and restored all the windows. Considering the age in which the restoration took place, it must be regarded as a very creditable work.*

The painted glass that ornaments the eastern window, was purchased out of a collection imported from the Continent, by Jonathan Eade, Esq., the then Lord of the Manor, and by him to the parish in 1806. The paintings represent the preaching of St. John the Baptist; the Levitical purification after childbirth; and the giving of alms. In the south aisle of the nave is an alabaster tomb with painted effigies of John Dudley and his wife, kneeling at faldstools (1580), this widow having re-married with Mr. Sutton, the founder of the

* At this time, Mr. Barry had just been appointed by the Commissioners for Building New Churches, to erect the churches of St. Paul's, Ball's-pond, St. John, Upper Holloway, and Trinity, Cloudestley-square—these were all in the pointed style; and this may be considered as the commencement of the revival, in the present era, of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture; since, nearly all the churches decided upon by the Commissioners up to this date, were, in point of architecture, Grecian. Within ten years of this date, the same hand produced the designs for the greatest Gothic work ever executed.

Charter-house. The monument having become in a state of decay, was, about fifty years ago restored as now seen; the expense of which was defrayed by a subscription of gentlemen educated at the Charter-house. A monument on the east wall of the north aisle records the memory of John Tavener, rector of the parish, died 1638. He was the publisher of Mathews's Bible, and was an eminent musician, having taken degrees as such at Oxford, and was Professor of Music at Gresham College. And here rests the ashes of Dr. Watts, the sacred poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life, the guest of Lady Abney, at the Manor House close by, where he composed most of his beautiful hymns, and where he died on the 25th of November, 1748, at the age of seventy-four. The organ, previously adverted to, was the facture of the elder Mr. England, and was of a single row of keys, and was reputed by Mr. Mann, organist of the church, who died 1808, as a very beautiful little instrument; however, it some time ago gave place to a new one by Robson. This is also of a single row of keys, it is in a general swell, and has eleven stops, with a full scale pedal and bourdon pipes.

Notwithstanding the various enlargements the edifice had undergone as related above, it is still but the village church of limited capacity, totally inadequate to the accommodation of the neighbourhood now covered with habitations; and, in 1855, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who had just been collated thereto, proposed to his friends and parishioners to erect a new church by subscription, on a grand scale, to serve as the parish church—a proposition that was well received, and the appeal for funds sufficiently liberally responded to as to justify immediate practical operations—and the new structure was commenced in that year on the site of the old rectory house and grounds on the other side of the road, from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott, the eminent ecclesiastical architect, and was consecrated June 25th, 1858.

It is a Gothic building of most noble proportions—one of the grandest of the sacred edifices that has been erected in the suburbs of the metropolis since the revival here, in our own time of the mediæval style. It is built of rag stone in horizontal courses, the walls resting upon a sub-plinth of grey granite, dressed, which gives an appearance of additional strength and durability; the after-dressings externally and also internally, being of Bath stone. The style of the architecture is that of the transitional period between the early English and the early decorative. The plan of the church is cruciform, comprising nave with side aisles, transepts, and chancel, the latter having aisles of two bays, and terminating easterly in an apse semi-octangular, with tower standing square at the western end (not yet, however, carried up higher than the apex of the roof of the body of the church, but progressing) surmounted by a spire 220 feet high. The principal entrance to the church is through the basement of the tower, which latter here displays a stone ground roof carrying the floor of the bell-ringing chamber: the entrance arch, deeply recessed, having a double doorway separated by a clustered pillar of Aubigny stone. The tympanum over the doorway is filled by a circular window, and in the apex of the arch a block is inserted, intended for a carving of the Virgin, to be cut in position. Another entrance is by a northern porch, of very effective composition: this is a very deeply recessed arch, ornamented with circular columns; its frontage comprising a central pediment with a minor arm on each side, the tympanums over which are designed to receive carvings. One roof—very high pitched—covers nave and aisles, hence there is no clerestory; the side windows—triple lancets with cinquefoil heads—are each under a separate gable. The gable of the north transept has a noble five-light tracina window 22 feet in height to the springing of the arched head. The south transept—the unseen side of the church—has a pair of double lights, with a circular window in the apex.

The interior—wholly without galleries—is 180 feet long, inclusive of the chancel, which is 53; 60 feet wide (across the nave and aisles) and 80 at the transepts, and presents, from whatever point viewed, a general air of stately grandeur.

The separation of nave and aisles is by arcades of pointed arches carried on circular columns, their capitals elegantly

carved with foliage, representing English plants, such as the briony, the oak, the mandrake, the vine, the currant, the mulberry, &c.; these very excellent carvings were executed by Mr. Farmer, of Westminster. The chancel, which is raised four steps, the apsidal sanctuary one more, is divided from the nave by a large archway, having deeply sunken mouldings, the piers being clusters of columns. The chancel aisles are divided off by two arches on each side, supported by coupled columns of Aubigny stone; the soffits of the arches are embellished with forty deep sunken panels, on which are carved, in alto-relievo, angels bearing musical instruments, and other emblematic scriptural figures. There is no reredos. The altar rail is of oak, supported on iron standards, gilded. The altar has fine, long windows, of two lights each, with tracery heads, and these are about to be filled with stained and painted glass, illustrative of the Te Deum: artists, Messrs. Clayton and Bell. A small beginning in the stained glass has already been made; of this material are the four clerestory windows of the chancel—triple trefoils. Also, a two-light window in the south chancel aisle, containing figures of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, and the raising of Lazarus; another small window on the east side of the north transept, and two very small lancets under the organ-stage in the south transept. The roofs of the body of the church show the constructive timbers, which are of deal stained imitation of old oak. The seats throughout, which are somewhat plain, though characteristic, are of the same material. The reading-desk is of oak, elaborately carved. The font is a rich and graceful work, the production of Mr. Westmacott, the eminent sculptor, and said to have cost £450, and a gift to the church by Mr. A. Burnand. The basin is, as it were, a vast goblet, hewn out of a block of Caen stone, and stands on an octagonal base of two steps. The plan of the inside of the basin is a quatrefoil, and on each side of it are carved pateræ of leafage within a circular moulded rim. The basin is supported round by four dwarf pillars composed of pink marble, having richly carved capitals, on which rest four kneeling statuettes, emblematic of the sacrament of the baptism, cut in white marble. The pulpit (now being prepared by Mr. Farmer) is of Caen stone, from the design of the architect, and is to cost £400.

The organ—part only of which is yet fabricated, and intended, for a while at least, to suffice—stands in the south transept, on a platform of stained timber, raised about fifteen feet above the level of the church. It is not, as is usual, in a case, but the frame of the instrument filling the transept is parcelled off by a row of its double diapasons, ranging a little in advance of the face of the wall of the nave aisle. These pipes are handsomely illuminated, alternately white and gold and vermillion and gold, in patterns after the ancient style of organ pipe decoration. The key-boards are set at a console on the floor of the church, where the organist sits facing the congregation, the trackers from the keys passing downwards and under his seat, whence they ascend through a wooden shaft at his back to the organ above. The instrument is designed for one on a very grand scale, to contain forty stops, including a complete independent pedal organ,* but the only part as yet set up in the church is the swell, which is as follows:—

Compass CC to F.			
1. Double Diapason	Wood	.	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason	.	.	8 "
3. Keraulophon	Tenor C	}	8 "
4. Stop Diapason	Bass	}	8 "
5. Clarionet Flute	(through)	.	8 "
6. Octave	.	.	4 "
7. Fifteenth	.	.	2 "

* The pedal, regarded as in a state of entirety, is an unusual feature in an English church organ; it is the one great point in which our organs are compared with the German. Our model is yet short-coming. The usual English adjustment is not only deficient, but is in practice musically anomalous; and the *connoisseur* in the music of the "king of instruments" naturally feels interest in every instance of the erection of the correct thing in this way. But the large space required for standing-room of a German pedal organ, which few of our churches can afford, together with the high price in England of wood and metal, will ever be prohibitory to a general adoption here of the real "pedale."

8. Mixture	3 ranks.
9. Cornopean	8 feet.
10. Oboe	8 "
11. Clarion	4 "

A Tremulant.

With the Pedal

Open Diapason	.	.	16 feet.
Bourdon	.	.	16 " tune.

The remaining portions are to be added as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. The spaciousness of the edifice, the loftiness of the roof, and the absence of galleries, combine to render the position of this instrument, remarkably favourable to sound, and the effect of the swell extremely fine. Messrs. Gray and Davison are the artists employed on this work, which is estimated to cost, when completed, £1,200.

The church contains 1,000 sittings for adults, one-third of which are free, and 200 more for children. The entire cost, when the whole design shall have been carried out, will, it is said, exceed £15,000.

At the onset of the scheme for the new church at Stoke Newington, it was intended as a rebuilding of the parish church. The new site was a matter of expediency resorted to in order to keep one church open until the other was ready for occupation; the intent was, to then close the old edifice—perhaps pull it down, as was done in the adjoining parish of Hackney sixty years ago, or to convert the building into schools. The plan adopted has, however, led to a difficulty. The two churches stand in juxtaposition, the road only separating them, and have assumed—to use a familiar phrase—the position of opposition shops. There is a very powerful and influential "old church" party in the parish, who strenuously oppose the virtual extinction of an old place of worship to which they feel a strong attachment, and in which they still may largely congregate, notwithstanding the attractions over the way, among which may be included the popular sermons of the reverend rector, who preaches twice every Sunday in the new church. The supporters of the old church have memorialised the bishop against the proposed consecration, or rather translation, of the parish church; and await his lordship's decision. Whatever this may be it is certain that the closing of the old church would not only give great offence to many of the parishioners, but induce a deficiency of church accommodation, as both the old and the new buildings are simultaneously well filled, and the neighbourhood is a rapidly growing one. Under all circumstances, it is to be regretted that the worthy prebend* had not chosen a spot somewhat more distant for the erection of the new church. It is presumed that there could have been little difficulty in obtaining a suitable site for the purpose, considering that more than two-thirds of the lands of the parish is ecclesiastical property.† St. Pancras, Paddington, St. Marylebone, and Chelsea, afford an instance of the erection of a new parish church, and the conversion of the old one into a chapel of ease or district church.

There is another church at Stoke Newington, situate in

* The Rector, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, is Prebend of the Stall "Wedland" in St. Paul's Cathedral. The position is one of dignity only, the revenue belonging thereto having become confiscated to the Ecclesiastical Commission at the last vacation, 1850, by the operation of the Act of 1836. It is understood that there are no cathedral duties appertaining to these prebendaries, of which there are 27; but, in the stalls, under the title of each prebend, is that of a Psalm, "which every Prebendary is in duty bound to repeat daily in private to the glory of God, and for the more fully answering the intent of the founders and benefactors hereunto."

† The parish of Stoke Newington is comprised in 550 acres, of which 325 belongs to the Prebendal Stall of "Newington" in St. Paul's Cathedral, which stall, lapsing in 1842, its revenues fell in to the Ecclesiastical Commission. The last incumbent of the stall was the Rev. J. Lonsdale, who retained the income at £1,251 per annum. But considering that ere long these lands will probably become covered with houses, ultimately Stoke Newington will be the source of immense revenues for Church purposes. The stall still exists, but with confiscated revenues; the present dignitary is the Rev. R. W. Browne, Professor of King's College, London.

Barrett's Green, south east division of the parish, consecrated 1853, and dedicated to St. Mathias. It is a Gothic structure, built from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, and presents some features of novelty and successful economic arrangement, by which a spacious interior has been given, and an unusual appearance of architectural grandeur and dignity, at the comparatively small cost of £7000. The church has a fine "C organ," by Willis, standing in the south chancel aisle. This instrument is composed of three rows of keys and pedal, twenty stops (swell tenor C), and a rank of sixteen feet open pedal pipes, and embraces numerous modern improvements, such as the pneumatic lever, curved and radiating pedal board, and combination movements. The incumbent is the Rev. Samuel W. Mangin, B.A., who directs the sacred services of his church in strict accordance with high "Tractarian" views.

55, Regent Street.

F. C.

MESSRS. BROADWOOD'S PIANO MANUFACTORY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

It is not, perhaps, generally known that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and of course by consequence our dependencies abroad, are supplied with those universal household appendages, pianofortes, by the metropolis alone. As in all other of our great trades, this supply depends a good deal on certain large manufacturers with whose names every one is familiar. It was therefore with some interest that the public learned, in August, 1856, of the occurrence of a destructive fire which took place on the premises of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, in the Horseferry-road, Westminster. A new manufactory has since arisen on the site of that which was destroyed, and which is established on the largest and most perfect scale of anything of the kind in this country. On entering the premises, the first thing which strikes one is the large area which they cover, implying, of course, a corresponding employment of a number of workmen, and yet the business of the place goes on with an absence of bustle which is remarkable. The new range of workshops is on the left, on the right is the only remaining part of the old factory which escaped the fire. The new building is 303 feet 9 inches in length, by 46 feet in breadth. The large area within the walls is divided into thirty-two workshops, each 70 feet long by 21 feet wide, communication with which is obtained from without by a general entrance situated in the centre of the building, formed by a segmental-headed archway, 14 feet wide and 10 feet high. In this archway are the staircase and two lifts for the purpose of raising pianos and materials into the different workshops. Passing on we came to another yard, on one side of which is a shed covered with corrugated iron filled with dry timber from a wharf near Vauxhall-bridge, where the greater part of the valuable seasoned wood is kept, and the command of a large supply of which has been one of the main causes of the reputation which Messrs. Broadwood's pianos have attained. Near to this depository is the department for preparing glue, an item of expenditure which amounts to £2,000 a-year. The steam for the coppers in which the glue is boiled is supplied from the engine and boiler house, which, with a saw-mill and shed, a room for drilling and turning by steam power, and a foreman's room for matching veneers, &c., complete the subsidiary range of buildings on the left-hand side. At the northern end of the building are the counting-houses and store-rooms. The building is heated throughout with steam, by means of upwards of 10,000 feet of piping; one vertical pipe communicating with the various floors. The southern part of the building contains sixteen workshops, in one of which is a hot chamber for glueing, technically termed a "caulchest." The ventilation is effected by cold air admitted under each of the windows, and the vitiated warm air is carried off by four shafts in each workshop. There is a square shaft for the carrying off of accumulated shavings every night, and which are burnt in the furnaces. On the roof is an iron tank containing 6,000 gallons of water, which is supplied twice daily, and from which five hoses are attached sufficiently long to reach to either end of the building. As further precautions against fire, there is a smaller

tank over the counting-houses, and another sunk tank containing 10,000 gallons of water, with all the necessary apparatus. To give some idea of the extent of this edifice, it may be added that it contains upwards of 200 large windows, and when fully lighted up with gas presents a very striking appearance. As a whole, the arrangements are as complete as it is possible to conceive, and reflect great credit on the builders, Messrs. Baker and Fielder, of Stangate.

Turning to the consideration of the operations carried on in the factory, we find that fourteen out of thirty-two workshops are occupied entirely by the manufacture of grand pianos, consisting of the large full-compass concert grands, the most powerful instruments ever yet manufactured, and the smaller grands of three strings and two strings; and as we understand that Messrs. Broadwood probably manufactured one half of the grand pianos annually supplied in the United Kingdom, as well as more of the cottage and square descriptions than any other makers, some idea of the extent of their manufactory may be formed. The space required for making a grand piano is equal to that requisite for three cottage pianos, and there is necessarily a difficulty in obtaining workmen sufficiently skilled for work of such delicate quality. The time required to complete a grand piano is generally from six to eight months, while a cottage piano may be finished in three. The number of pieces of wood and materials of different kinds employed in the construction of a grand piano amounts to nearly five thousand. In the case-making department alone there are, we are told, usually more than a thousand pianos in different stages of progress; and the stock of finished instruments exceeds that number. The former department is that in which the cases are made and the veneer glued on. The place in which the most critical part of the work is done is what is called the marking-off shop, that is where the sounding-board is put into the instrument and the ironwork fitted, which resists the pull of the strings—an operation requiring mathematical nicety and precision. Then follow in succession the grand top-making shop, the plinthing and fronting shop, and, lastly, the finishing shop, where the several parts are at last combined in a piano complete.

The remaining range of the old factory is devoted to the making of small work, polishing, &c. Between the new building and the wing of the old one is the veneer vault, in which a large collection of very valuable veneers is kept. Upwards of 200,000 feet of rosewood veneers are used in the course of the year; but the most expensive is the walnut veneer, which, as seen in the factory, has much the appearance of damaged leather. Of necessity in an establishment of such extent a large number of skilled workmen are required. We are informed the number of men employed by Messrs. Broadwood on the premises above described, at a smaller factory in Bridle-lane, Silver-street, Golden-square, and in Great Pulteney-street, amounts to between six and seven hundred. The wages which are earned by this able body of artisans exceed those of most handicrafts, and their comfort and welfare are well considered and under excellent regulation. Seven foremen besides clerks are engaged in the manufactory, and one of the principals of the firm, as manager, is constantly on the premises. The ironwork used in this manufactory is obtained from the foundry of Messrs. Bramah and Co., of Fimlico, who have supplied Messrs. Broadwood with this material for nearly forty years.

It may be interesting to add that the founder of this large and important business was a gentleman of Swiss extraction, Mr. Burkhardt Shudi, of whom there is a picture on the premises in Great Pulteney-street, in which he is represented tuning a harpsichord presented by him to Frederick the Great, and which we believe is still to be found in the palace at Potsdam. This gentleman established the business in the same house in which it is now conducted in the year 1732. Mr. Shudi was a great friend of Handel, who often visited him; and his favourite harpsichord is now to be seen in one of the warerooms in Great Pulteney-street. During Mr. Shudi's time the harpsichord was the keyed instrument in use, but when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. John Broadwood, later in the last century, that gentleman introduced the instrument since called the pianoforte, which has by degrees been brought to its present state

of perfection. Descendants of Mr. John Broadwood bearing his name, are still members of the firm, no one who was not of the family having been admitted into partnership. After the fire in 1856, when it was decided to reinstate the manufactory with every improvement which experience of the trade had shown to be necessary, and which modern science has rendered possible, three gentlemen long engaged in the establishment were taken into partnership, in order that the business might have the full benefit of their co-operation, the result of which arrangement has proved satisfactory to all concerned.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THE reception with which Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* met three months since in Vienna, was so brilliant that a few remarks on the work may not, perhaps, be too late. We cannot say positively whether—as we have been assured is the case—the *Lohengrin* enthusiasm is already subsiding; the public, at any rate, still flock to the theatre in considerable numbers. The unexceptionably admirable *mise-en-scène*, not to be excelled at any other German theatre, would of itself be sufficient to account for this fact. At all events, a person devoid of the power of hearing, and merely capable of receiving the impression produced by the scenery, processions, groups, and the acting of the artists, would understand the public enthusiasm more readily than any one who knew nothing of *Lohengrin* but the music.

However unanimous the public were *en masse*, we have found great diversity of opinion in individual cases. The most amusing feature in all this, namely, the laboured enthusiasm of those persons who will not, on any account, remain in the rear of "Progress" and the "Future," we must leave to *Figaro* or *Kladderadatsch*. But even sincerity has wonderful extremes to show. It is a fact that persons of the most different ranks and degrees of education, who make no secret of their indifference for all kinds of music whatever, and who, as a general rule, are scarcely ever to be seen at any opera or concert, have been amused half-a-dozen evenings with *Lohengrin*. On the other hand, it is, also, a fact, that several of our most accomplished and impartial musicians were so impartially bored at the first representation of *Lohengrin* that they left the theatre after the second act.

A highly numerous and moderate "centre" very correctly characterise the novelty as "interesting;" but, on asking them to explain more definitely in *what* the interest consists, we meet with a remarkable uncertainty of judgment. Numerous partisans of *Lohengrin*, who can say only next to nothing in favour of the music, are perfectly compensated by the "incomparable book." I must undisguisedly confess I am as little able to be enthusiastic for the book as for the music to it.

To begin with the book. We have unfortunately been doomed to hear that it was an independent work of art, of the highest poetical beauty, and of a perfect drama, which, without more ado, could be played as such. We ruthlessly wish the experiment had really been made on those who entertain this opinion. If we measure the *libretto* to *Lohengrin* as a poetical composition, we find that the sum of its merits consists in a few poetically, or I should rather say *picturesquely*, imagined *situations*. In plot and characters it is undramatic, and in diction painfully harsh and bombastic.*

* Verses in the following style may be found at every page:—

"Lass mich ihn sehn, wie ich ihn sah,
Wie ich ihn sah, sei er mir nah!"
(sixteen monosyllabic words). Or,
"Wie gäb' es Zweifels Schuld, die grösser,
Als die an Dich den Glauben raubt?"

In *Tannhäuser* there are passages which might almost do in *Die Zauberflöte*. For instance:

"Ihr Edlen mügt in diesen Worten lesen,
Wie ich erkannt der Liebe reinstes Wesen."

Or:

"Hoch über aller Welt ist Gott,
Und sein Erbarmen ist kein Spott."

We prized in *Lohengrin* a very skilfully formed operatic *libretto*, not alone more effective musically, but, in itself, more connectedly imagined and more carefully worked out than most such productions; whoever is contented with a work of this description as an independent drama, may consider *Lohengrin* one.

In the first place, the choice of the Gral myth is a very unhappy one. It is doubly so, as far as regards Wagner's peculiar requirements, such as:—a *libretto* must, above all things, be popular and generally comprehensible; it must appeal to the most secret passions of a nation, &c. Now, no operatic hero can well be more exclusive than this Knight of the Holy Gral. Who is Lohengrin? Who is the Holy Gral? In what audience can we and ought we to presuppose an acquaintance with the mediæval round of legends, on which everything in *Lohengrin* turns? We are separated by a whole world from the moral notions and poetry of those times, the pathos of which we might term armed ecstasy. Even the serious literary mass, fond of plunging into these epics of the Middle Ages, will, in fact, guard against accounting them *dramatic*. The first thing we demand from the drama is that it should present us with characters, beings of flesh and blood, whose fate is brought about by their own acts and passions. We wish to see freedom of will acting against great struggles, in order to know, with the deepest emotion, how (according to Göthe) "man feels"—"dem Menschen zu Muth ist." What does Lohengrin know about this? He is a knight of the Holy Gral on Mount-salvat; of the blood of Christ, preserved in a costly vessel of precious stones, which the legend celebrates as the miracle-working and dominant centre of the heavenly kingdom on earth. The Holy Gral despatches its knights to seek adventures in its service: alone it decides and suggests their thoughts, feelings, and acts. Through it they are not liable to be deceived, but are free from fault, and endowed with divine nature, though they are bound to preserve the secret of their wondrous mission. Can Lohengrin's virtue and justice move us, when they are not the results of his own free will, but the mere reflection of the Gral? Can his love for Elsa excite our joy and sympathy, when we know he possesses no pathos but his secret? Must we not consider inhuman his desire that Elsa, "his beloved wife," shall never question him concerning his origin and name? The bond of love is confidence and not secrecy; we range ourselves on Elsa's side, when she yields to "culpable curiosity," and is, in consequence, abandoned by her husband. In vain she falls at Lohengrin's feet, and implores him to remain as "witness of her repentance." He has no answer for her, but: "I must, I must; the Gral will be angry with me if I stay any longer!" A being who *must* do anything ("No one must must"—"muss müssen,"—says Lessing), is no hero for a drama, for he is not a person like ourselves. He is, according to Stahr's striking expression, a "seraphic soldier," whose will and conscience do not reside in his own breast, but "in the frowning forehead of his divine commander."

Taking into consideration the laudatory tone of Wagner's prefaces, we will not stop to notice the fact that Wagner himself designates *Lohengrin* as the "*type of a real and only tragical material*, especially of the tragedy of the life-element of the modern Present." It will ever be an act of perversity to have sought the revivification of opera in a return to those mystically symbolical subjects, which, destitute in themselves of all dramatic movement, have long since ceased to live in the consciousness of the nation. The real opera of the "Future" is the *historical*.

The superiority possessed by Wagner's mythical Christian operatic librettos over the surmounted classically mythological ones is the element of the *Fatherland*. They are German, and those scenes in *Lohengrin* which depict German manners will always produce the most permanent results, however obstinately Wagner himself may continue to designate the mythically symbolical principle as the real pith of opera. We cannot discover any eminent specific *dramatic* power in the poetry of *Lohengrin*, but simply lyrical capability combined with unusual theatrical

Such verses are not at all offensive in opera, but they must not be given out as the production of a great poet.

skill. How poor do the separate characters in *Lohengrin* appear, all of them being, from beginning to end, stereotyped, and without any development or gradual increase of intensity, compared to the life of the masses in it! The power of forming groups, and bringing about situations, which cannot prove aught but picturesque, is, perhaps, the most peculiar feature in Wagner's talent, and that which, in a fuller investigation than that which we are here enabled to make, ought to be especially discussed. Wagner is neither a great poet, nor a great musician, but he may be termed, in the highest sense of the word, a decorative genius. The highest pitch to which such decorative genius, assisted by intellect and education, can rise, is: *Wagnerian Operas*. We can admire their author for the penetration and energy with which he has provided his talent with a perfectly adequate art-form, the only artistic speciality attainable by him, but, at the same time, one which could have been attained by him alone. The highest artistic prize, however, to be gained by Wagner's staves, is still not the highest prize of art. One fact which is decisive against the pretended absolute greatness of his operas is their musical unfruitfulness. They are deficient in something we cannot acquire, but with which we cannot dispense: the divine gift, the creative power, the innate richness—in a word, the entire beautiful injustice of nature.

When the celebrated Jomelli was once called upon to decide a dispute concerning Piccini's talent, he did so by the solemn exclamation: "Questi è inventore!" He thought these three words were the strongest expression for his admiration of Piccini; and, in fact, he thus defined the essence of artistic productions, which, in music more than in any other art, is one continual course of invention and creation of novelty. Whoever is in music no "inventor," whoever wants the mysterious power of creating something independently beautiful in tone and by means of tone, may certainly become a most clever experimentalist in art-history,—a master of his art, but never a musical genius.

No one can object to our dwelling on the musical part of the subject, in Wagner's case, as long as his operas are sung and played from beginning to end, and as long as sensible people continue to go to an opera-house for the sake of music. It is only a melancholy proof of far-spreading infatuation that even persons who confess Wagner's musical helplessness, claim for him another and quite peculiar position, and celebrate, as the grand advantage newly gained, "the dramatic agreement of his music with the poem," an advantage which puts out of the question for the future the beauty of the music. It would be a sad thing, if the German public possessed so short a memory. Have we, then, really hitherto had no operas combining the most fragrant aroma of melody with the seriousness of dramatic truth? Have the greatest masters of three nations laboured in vain to become dramatic composers? Was the whole history of opera, as Wagner fain would persuade us, in truth merely a continuous sin, awaiting redemption by means of *Lohengrin*?

I cannot see that, in pregnant and moving portrayal of situations, Wagner has gone farther than Beethoven, for instance, in *Fidelio*, which—apart from this dramatic quality—is all music in the fullest sense of the word. Is there in the whole of *Lohengrin* a single piece which causes the hearer's heart to beat like the trio or the quartet in the dungeon? Has Wagner, with his sublimated declamatory apparatus, ever produced such pulsations as Beethoven has by purely musical means? Or can *Lohengrin* even show one character which stands out from the background of the picture so plastically, and with so much truth to nature as the personages in *Don Juan*? What are Talamund and Ortrud, as theatrical models, compared to similar characters in the works of Weber and Spontini? Can the "Gottesgericht," indisputably one of the best scenes in *Lohengrin* be compared with the exactly analogous scene in Marschner's *Templer*, where Rebecca, condemned to perish by the flames, looks out anxiously, and yet believingly, for a champion of her innocence? We here quite leave out of the question the musical side of the subject, properly so called, and simply ask, whether Wagner has really obtained new and unexpected effects in dramatic truth, as has

been so remarkably asserted by him? whether in the delineation of a personage or situation, he has really surpassed or ever equalled, what has been done by the masters mentioned above? The latter knew and respected well enough the pretensions of the poet, but they were, at the same time musicians and inventors. They possessed a power, which Wagner would ignore, because he does not possess it, namely, the power of melody, of the independently beautiful musical thought. It is a great error to represent melody as being of itself, and as a matter of course, the foe to every kind of dramatic characterisation; this is only done by persons, who, naturally wanting in melody, endeavour to gain a small advantage by clever effects. On the contrary, there can exist in original musical thought, in the melody itself, a dramatic power to which declamatory pathos, and all the instrumental cleverness in the world will never attain.

We have mentioned names which render it completely unnecessary for us to adduce examples. But we need not at all confine ourselves to classical composers; let the reader recollect the *Huguenots*. The depreciation of Meyerbeer, one of the "Gesinnungs" articles, as is well known, for some time of the "German critics" (who, we may remark, are enraptured with one of the stupidest of all conductors), has, since the unbounded abuse of him by Wagner, risen to such a pitch that it is high time to remind people of the reverse of the medal. The delusive adventitious expedients with which Meyerbeer disfigures his great talent, no one can regret more sincerely, or criticise more unreservedly than we did, when speaking of his *Etoile du Nord*, but the actual fact of his great musical talent is not to be disputed.

After the finest pieces, Meyerbeer disturbs our equanimity only too often by a few subtle bars, but we always again come across passages which only a musical genius of the first rank could have written. In every opera—perhaps in every act—of Meyerbeer's, there are musical thoughts of overpowering novelty and beauty; thoughts which no living composer can rival; in a word: thoughts which throw the public into ecstasies, and cause musicians to say, "Questi è inventore!" Can the same be asserted of Wagner? After studying, repeatedly and attentively, *Lohengrin*, I have not been able to find, in the midst of the author's clever intentions and touches, a theme of eight bars of which it could be said, "These eight bars could have been written only by a musical genius of the first rank; they are the work of a creator in his art."

(To be continued.)

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—To the new works already announced for performance in the course of the season by the members of this Society, we may add a new cantata, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, entitled *The Birth Day*. Mr. Sims Reeves has been especially engaged to sing the tenor music in Professor Bennett's *May-Queen*.

THE CONSUMPTION OF PARIS.—The amount of edibles and liquids consumed by the city of Paris is certainly something prodigious. Paris drinks annually 1,200,000 hectolitres* of wine, 50,900 hectolitres of brandy, 21,000 hectolitres of vinegar, and 175,000 hectolitres of beer. It eats 1,000,000 of flour, 500,000 hectolitres of grapes, 70,000 oxen, 20,000 cows, 82,000 calves, 500,000 sheep, 90,000 pigs and wild boars, 12,000,000 francs' worth of butter, 6,000,000 francs' worth of eggs, 8,000,000 francs' worth of game and poultry, and 6,000,000 francs' worth of salt-water fish, exclusive of 1,500,000 francs' worth of oysters. Finally, it eats above 22,000,000 francs' worth of vegetables, fruit, oil, cheese, *charcuterie*, ready-dressed meat, pies, jars of salted or preserved meats, shrimps, snails, lobsters, etc. Thus, Paris spends annually on eating and drinking more than 500,000,000 francs. Its pleasures, furniture, and dress, cost three times as much, or more—1,500,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 francs. Every year the women of Paris have 31,000 children, living, 10,000 of whom are illegitimate.

* A hectolitre is 3.5317 cubic feet, or 22.009688 imperial gallons, or 2.7412 Winchester bushels.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE FRANÇAIS.—This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 29 next, with a troupe of eminent artists, among whom, Madame Fauré (from the Théâtre-Lyrique de Paris), Mdlle. Céline Mathieu, (from the Grand Théâtre de Bordeaux), Mons. Fougère, and Mons. Emon (from the Opéra-Comique de Paris), will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra under the direction of Mons. Romusset (of the Académie Impériale and Opéra-Comique de Paris), comprising the principal performers of Her Majesty's Theatre and Royal Italian Opera. Full particulars will be duly announced. Every information respecting Boxes, Stalls, &c., can be obtained at Mitchell's, Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH. On Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. On Thursday KING JOHN. Saturday, THE JEALOUS WIFE. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

LAST FIVE NIGHTS, ending positively on Saturday next, Dec. 18th.—**EVERY EVENING, at Eight.**—Engagement of Madame ANNA BISHOP, who will make her first Appearance on Tuesday next, Dec. 14th. M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.

On Monday, December 18th, M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 19th, 1858.—M. JULLIEN'S present BAL MASQUE will be given with unsurpassed splendour.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d. Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured of Mr. CHATTERTON, at the Box-Office, Lyceum. Open at Half-past Nine, and the Dancing commences at Half-past Ten.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The public are respectfully informed that the above new and elegant theatre will be opened for the FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON, on Monday, Dec. 20th. The celebrated Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company every evening.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Re-engagement of the celebrated Mad. Celeste. Her last appearance at the East-end—likewise Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Eliza Arden. On Monday, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. Cynthia, Mad. Celeste; The Kinchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Starlight Bess, Miss Eliza Arden. On Tuesday (last time), SATAN. Satan, Mad. Celeste. On Wednesday and Friday (last times), THE GREEN BUSHES. Miami, Mad. Celeste. On Thursday, CHRISTMAS EVE. Madeline, Mad. Celeste. After the first on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday (last times), THE LITTLE SUTLER. Natalie, Mad. Celeste. To conclude on Monday with THE FLAG OF FREEDOM. On Tuesday, to conclude with VILLAGE SCANDAL. To conclude on Wednesday and Friday with, last time, the burlesque of NORMA. Norma, Mr. Paul Bedford. Great preparations for the Comic Pantomime. Clown by the celebrated TOM MATTHEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORNET-A-PISTONS.—(W. D., Ipswich).—We have no doubt that the works named are as perfect as described by our correspondent. He had better inform every person he meets of their great merits. The publishers will treat him liberally for a number of copies.

ERRATUM.—In the advertisement of the Musical Society of London, in last week's number, the name of Mr. Vincent Wallace was inadvertently inserted in the list of the Council, in the place of that of Mr. G. A. Osborne.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1858.

MADAME ANASTASIE DE BELLEVILLE OURY has addressed a letter to the publisher and manager of the *Musical World*, indignantly disclaiming the authorship of a certain communication "from a lady correspondent," which appeared in our last impression, and requesting (or, perhaps, we should say, insisting) that a notice to the effect that she was not the writer of the document may be inserted in the present issue. Always charmed to oblige one of Madame Anastasie de Belleville Oury's gentle sex, we hereby declare emphatically that the epistle was not either of her writing or of her composition—to which we may add that nobody but the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette* would have

been likely to lay such a misdemeanour to her charge; seeing that the letter itself gives evidence of her innocence,* which, though presumptive, would be received as undeniable by any jury ever empanelled, commented upon approvingly by any judge that ever sat on the bench, and accepted unconditionally by any person endowed with a grain of common sense. That grain, however, seems to have been wanting to the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*. But of this anon. Suffice it here that we exculpate Mad. Oury, and that in doing so we are overwhelmed with astonishment at the fact of such an exculpation being thought necessary by any one who knows Mad. Oury, who is aware how, during the course of a long and brilliant artistic career, she has invariably kept aloof from all kinds of petty bickering and intrigue, winning and sustaining the honourable position at which she aspired from the first entirely through the agency of her own talent.

One of the causes of the mystification of the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*, and, it would appear, of Mad. Oury herself, must be attributed to a misprint in the signature of the article which has caused so much offence in certain quarters. The signature, as printed, was "A. de B. O.," but the signature, as written, was "A. de R. Q." Now this mistake of one of our amanuenses (we keep copies of all letters addressed to the *Musical World*) was unfortunate, inasmuch as we can neither take the blame upon ourselves, nor attribute it to the compositors and readers. Nevertheless, we have said quite enough to eradicate the last vestige of suspicion that could possibly remain in the mind of any envious person, like Herr Block, or any simple person, like the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*.

With regard to a desire expressed that the name of the writer of the letter be given up, we have only to reply that such an act on our parts would not only be one of ill-faith, but superfluous. For both reasons, therefore, but especially for the first, we decline.

The *Brighton Gazette* is angry, but amusing. We always imagined ourselves on tolerably friendly terms with this periodical, and for that reason, have never lodged any complaint against its hebdomadal custom of appropriating large slices of our musical news and our musical criticisms, usually (unless the matter should be controversial, and the *Gazette* anxious not to incur responsibility) without acknowledgment of the obligation, without reference to the source which enables it to dispense with a London correspondent, and yet to appear extremely well informed on the art-topics of the day. It seems that we have reckoned without our *Gazette*. We, however, quote the rejoinder of our Sussex contemporary, who advocates the cause of Kuhe with as much enthusiasm (if with not as much eloquence) as the poet Shelley that of the poet Keats. Here is the prose *Adonais* of the *Gazette*:—

"CRITICISMS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

"In the *Musical World* of Saturday, appeared an article on Madame Dotti's concert at Brighton, on the previous Tuesday. It purported to be the production of a lady correspondent, and is not so much a criticism upon the concert, as it is a vehicle for the most fulsome praise of Miss Arabella Goddard, an attack upon us and our musical critic, and a cowardly stab in the dark at Herr Kuhe. With the first item we have nothing to do, feeling convinced that we did full justice to Miss Goddard. The attack upon ourselves we are also content to pass by, for we are bold enough to regard our opinion in the matter to be as good as that of the writer of the article in question. But it is to the attack on Herr Kuhe we would more particularly allude. We were bold

* "The admirably accomplished Madame de Belleville Oury has announced her grand morning concert for the 23rd instant."

enough to say that we preferred Herr Kuhe's interpretation of a certain piece to that of Miss Goddard. For this Herr Kuhe is designated as a *harmless individual, and a highly respectable teacher—how-to-shoot—of the young idea, and we are told that no one is better aware than himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard.* Further on we read that Herr Kuhe endeavoured to accompany M. Sinton in a duet, and afterwards made another attempt, &c.

"The character, ability, talents and high standing of Herr Kuhe require no comments from us, but we feel it a duty incumbent on us to protect a kind-feeling, good-hearted man, and one of the most clever pianists of the day, from such unwarrantable attacks.

"We do not believe Miss Goddard to be in any way implicated in this. Her character in the profession stands too high, but justice to herself requires that she should rid herself of such 'friends' who seek to draw odious comparisons, calculated to involve her in quarrels with her brothers and sisters of the profession.

"The article concludes with an announcement of the forthcoming concert of 'Madame de Belleville Oury,' and the article itself is signed A. de B. O., and dated from Brighthelmston.

"On this every reader will say 'This is palpable, it is from the pen of Madame Oury.' Such, we admit, was our impression, but inquiry leads us unhesitatingly to say, it is *not* the production of this talented lady, nor is she at all aware who the writer is. Nay, more than this, we are requested by the lady to say that she has written to the *Musical World* to demand the name of the fair (?) writer who thus dares to attempt to injure Herr Kuhe, and shields himself or herself under the initials of Madame de Belleville Oury. Perhaps the writer may yet have cause to regret so ill-timed a composition."

Now really our friend near the Downs is a little bit too down upon "A. de R. Q." In her whole letter, which occupies a column and a-half of our type, the subjoined is a summary of what is actually written about Miss Goddard:—

- 1.—"Notamment, Arabella Goddard, the pianist."
- 2.—"A truly splendid performance by the above-named famous players, with which the audience were more than delighted, as was testified by the heartiness of their applause."
- 3.—"After rendering full justice to Arabella Goddard's superb execution of 'Robin Adair,' on being encored in which the young lady substituted 'Home, sweet home.'"
- 4.—"No one is better aware than Herr Kuhe himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard, from the diatonic scale of C major to the sonata Op. 106 of Beethoven."

The above is absolutely *all* upon which "A. de R. Q." ventures in praise of a lady who, by general consent, is the first pianist in the metropolis, and might, therefore, be highly rated throughout Great Britain, without offence to watering places, inland or outland. *First*—that Miss Goddard is "a pianist," will hardly be denied. *Second*—that Mendelssohn's second trio, by Miss Goddard, M. Sinton, and Sig. Piatti, should be a "splendid performance" was not surprising, considering that they are all three deservedly "famous players;" nor was it surprising that the audience should applaud. The *Brighton Guardian* pronounces the performance "almost perfection,"—while the *Brighton Gazette* surpasses "A. de R. Q." herself, by citing it as "perfection," without qualification.

Third—that Miss Goddard's execution of Mr. Wallace's "Robin Adair" is "superb" every connoisseur knows who has enjoyed the advantage of hearing it. (See what the *Gazette*, which accuses our correspondent of "falsome praise," itself reports.) *Fourth*—the "immeasurable distance" between Herr Kuhe's playing and that of Miss Goddard is surely no paradox, if pianoforte playing is to be regarded from a serious point of view. For this reason the parallel between the German pianist and the English pianist, adventured on by the *Gazette*, most probably led "A. de R. Q." to suppose that the writer was not in earnest, and that, instead of intending a compliment to Herr Kuhe—one of the most highly

respected of the hundred and one respectable Teutons who gladden this realm with their presence, and make music and "hay" simultaneously—he was aiming at a species of Socratic irony. Now, however, we are fully convinced that the *Gazette* reporter is quite innocent of irony, if indeed he ever heard of the man of whom Plato was the chief disciple.

But, seriously, these questions had best be left alone. We have no doubt that our correspondent will be able, when necessary, to take her own part, and that she will write a rejoinder to the *Gazette*. If she does, however, we must request her to address herself to the *Brighton journal*, and not to the *Musical World*. We desire, *as long as it is possible*, to avoid consideration of the respective claims of foreign and native professors, whether public performers, like Miss Goddard, or—like Herr Kuhe—in strict truth merely teachers. The metaphor of the *sign-post* is inconveniently at hand—and as we do not like always to take the path conventionally indicated for our guidance, we would willingly avoid the subject. At the same time, if provoked, we are quite ready with materials for discussion.

THE present state of theatrical art is sickly enough, but is not quite so bad as some mourners for the good old times would have us believe. If there is no strong company capable of giving weight to the smallest part in a numerous list of personages, such as, for instance, we find in the old comedies, we are at any rate free from such utter rubbish as the pieces that, forty years ago, were considered not only tolerable but highly meritorious. Something like regularity of construction has been learned from the French dramatists, and though our national pride is wounded by our subjection to theatrical Paris, the chastisement has not been unaccompanied by instruction.

One peculiar feature of the modern play-going public is a love of brevity, which, by-the-way, is national enough, as we do not find it on the other side of the Channel. Much as we borrow from the French, we generally avoid those lengthy dramas that make the fortunes of the Porte Saint Martin, the Ambigu-Comique, and the Gaité, or at all events trim them down so liberally, that, instead of filling up an entire evening, they merely serve as the substantial fare to be followed by a spectacle or a couple of farces. Modern John Bull has an instinctive dread of the "slow;" slowness and length are with him equivalent terms, and the more genteel he becomes in his habits, the greater is his terror of being wearied.

One of the consequences of a love for brevity on the part of the public is a predilection for those pieces, in which an actor stands pre-eminent above the rest. A very complicated action becomes perplexing if it takes place within limits too narrow, and hence dramas of character, rather than of intrigue, appeal to the public taste. Again, a complete development of several characters within a small compass is impossible, while a single personage, or perhaps two, may, under similar circumstances, be elaborated to the highest degree. From a one-character piece, therefore, a modern audience derives greater enjoyment than from a broad *ensemble*, and it is moreover encouraged in its preference by the actual condition of the stage; for we have several theatrical companies, who can work efficiently, especially when under the guidance of an experienced and judicious manager, but of actors, who can make a strong impression on an audience, the number is exceedingly few.

All these circumstances being taken into consideration, we can scarcely wonder that a London manager is ever anxious to secure those pieces, that employ in the most striking manner the principal member of his company. This one member is probably the great attraction of the establishment, and if his fellow-labourers were allowed the same opportunities for distinction, the public who came to see the star, would be perplexed if it were nearly rivalled by a number of lesser luminaries.

Let not our meaning be perverted into an assertion that subordinate parts should be ill-played; that the minnows should become puny minnows, in order that the Triton may be a more magnificent Triton. No—let every part be perfectly acted, if possible, but at the same time let subordinates accept their position, and not mar their own usefulness by indulgence in ambitious dreams. Experience forces upon us the conclusion that from an English public one man in particular draws the money to a theatre, and that he had better be as forward as possible. How transient is the existence of those plays, that without any exhibition of marked individual character, depend altogether on the ingenuity of the intrigue; how long do those works remain on the stage and dwell in the memory, which are distinguished by the presence of one single personage, who is either the type of a class or an exceptional idiosyncrasy.

Nor is this a mere peculiarity of modern degenerate days. From time immemorial, actors rather than dramatic writers have drawn the public to the theatre, and among the actors there has generally been one who was the constant object of curiosity and admiration.

LAURENT'S MAUD VALSE.—This popular *morceau de danse* has been one of the nightly attractions at M. Jullien's concerts during the past week.

STEPNEY TONIC SOL-FA CONCERT.—A very successful concert in aid of the Carr-street Ragged Schools, was given in Stepney Meeting School Rooms, on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The choir, consisting of 50 voices, selected entirely from two Tonic Sol-fa singing classes, gave the vocal music so satisfactorily, that five of the pieces, including Miss Stirling's Harvest Hymn, were encored. A selection from one of Bach's motets also went extremely well. Some instrumental pieces were well rendered, by Miss Stirling and Mr. Kemp.

THE BUXTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their second concert on Wednesday evening to a crowded audience. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Boosé. The concert opened with Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, which was well played, with the exception of a little wavering in the first few bars. This was fully atoned for by the spirited performance of the rest of the orchestral music, more particularly in Mozart's symphony No. 2, every movement of which was executed with an amount of care and steadiness seldom met with amongst amateur players. The same praise may be awarded to Rossini's overture, *L'Italiana*, and Weber's March from *Oberon*, and two solos on the cornet-à-piston and clarinet were applauded. The latter was by Mr. Snelling, junior, a young and promising pupil of Mr. Boosé's. The vocal department, with the exception of Mrs. Lucas (always a favourite here, and well meriting the distinction), was weak throughout, especially in the case of one "professional," whose name is needless to mention. The third concert is announced for Wednesday, January 5th, 1859.

ISLINGTON MUSICAL UNION.—Myddelton Hall was densely crowded on Monday evening, when the first concert of the Islington Musical Union took place. The artists were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, the Misses Danby; Mr. Weiss, Mr. G. A. Cooper, and M. Sainton. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was conductor and solo pianist. For the next concert (on Wednesday in Christmas week) Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. H. Blagrove, and M. Paque, are engaged.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Monday—the third "Beethoven Night"—the overtures to *Leonora* and *Egmont*, the symphony in C minor, and the pianoforte concerto in E flat, were repeated—Miss Arabella Goddard being once more the pianist, and once more re-called unanimously after her wonderful performance of the concerto.

To the above already rich selection M. Jullien added the Kreutzer Sonata for pianoforte and violin—Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski. This performance was in every respect perfect, and created an enthusiasm for which we scarcely remember a precedent. A tempest of cheers and plaudits greeted the two artists at the conclusion, and again when they were summoned back to the orchestra. A more brilliant success was never achieved.

The "Mozart Night" comes off this evening, when, among other things, Miss Goddard is to play the famous pianoforte concerto in D minor—its composer's masterpiece.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE "Mozart Concert"—which has now resolved itself into an "annual" entertainment on the anniversary of the death of the great composer—was given on Saturday, the 4th, in place of Sunday, the 5th, Mozart having died on that day, 1793. It is questionable whether such events should be "commemorated" in this fashion. To celebrate the birth-days of eminent men would be far more graceful and appropriate. At all events, if it be deemed necessary to remind us annually that Mozart died on December 5th, it would be as well to select some of the graver works of the master for the occasion. The *Requiem* would be just the thing.

Apart from these considerations the programme on Saturday was admirable, comprising the Symphony in C, the pianoforte concerto in the same key, the overture to *Der Schauspieler Director* (*L'Impresario*), and a selection from the *Zauberflöte*, including the overture, grand march, and chorus of the Priests of Isis, the tenor air, "O cara imagine," the duet "La dove prende," the comic duet "Papagena, Papagena," the grand bass air "Qui sdegno" ("In diesen heiligen Hallen"), &c. None of the music of the Queen of Night was attempted.

The Symphony was well played, and the accompaniments to the concerto left little to be desired. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was occasionally open to criticism. That to the comic opera, *Der Schauspieler Director*, which exhibits all the ease, grace, and vivacity of the *Figaro*, and *Così fan tutte*, was excellent throughout.

The Concerto in C (played by Miss Arabella Goddard last winter, on two occasions, at M. Jullien's concerts), was capitally given by Herr Pauer, whose performance was characterised by vigour of style and great mechanical dexterity. His "cadenzas" in the first and last movements, however, were by no means Mozartean. Nevertheless, he was greatly applauded, and with good reason.

The vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, and Mr. George Perren. The exquisite tenor air, "O cara imagine," sung by Mr. George Perren, was something wanting in expression. Mr. Perren has a capable voice, and with a little more refinement, would be a decided acquisition to the concert room. The lovely duet "La dove prende" (so well and long known to the English public as "The manly heart") was extremely well given by Mr. and Madame Weiss. Mr. Weiss declaimed the magnificent airs of the high priest, Sarastro, "Possenti numi," and "Qui sdegno," with befitting solemnity. The comic duet (for Papagena and Papagena) requires the stage for effect. A foot note in the programme informs us that Rossini, in his *tight and playful* opera, the *Barbiere*, was greatly indebted to the duet "Papagena, Papagena," which "light and playful" remark was, no doubt, made at hap-hazard. That Rossini is greatly indebted to Mozart, Rossini himself glories in acknowledging, but we cannot see what on earth the *Barbiere* owes to the duet. Had the writer affirmed that the duet "Papagena, Papagena," had suggested the trio "Papataci, Papataci," in the *Italiana in Algeri*, he would have been nearer the mark.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THESE concerts, denominated "Popular," were given at the above hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, ostensibly got up for the London public, but directly addressed to the visitors who flock to town at this period of the year, eager to behold certain unctuous beasts rolling their larded sides in stifling pens at the Bazaar, Baker-street. It is not always, however, that the lovers of fatted beeves and eyeless pigs are attracted by a musical programme, or moved by the concord of sweet sounds. Dearer to the ears of our cattle-surfeiting gentry are the low of herds, the bull's loud bellow, the neigh of the gelding, the grunt of the pig, the quack of the duck, the cackle of the goose, the bray of the donkey—the whole artillery of the farm-yard—than the finest symphony or the sweetest song. The crowds expected from Baker-street did not arrive, and so the great hall of St. James's was not as well filled as might have been anticipated. Certainly one great attraction was wanting the first night, in Mr. Sims Reeves, whose Newcastle influenza still lingering about him, prevented him from attending. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, he was able to attend, when the hall was better filled.

The three concerts were of the slightest possible contexture—such, indeed, as would have consorted better with entertainments given in remote suburban nooks, than in the splendid metropolitan hall. The programme exhibited a few eminent and several goodly names. A concert, which shone conspicuously with the names of Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Alfredo Piatti, Miss Dolby, Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Messent, Miss Stabbach, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Miss Poole, Madlle. de Villar, Madlle. Behrens, Herr Engel and The Swedish Singers, argued, *a priori*, an entertainment of excellence and variety. The "Three Concerts" have been denominated the "Cattle-Show Concerts." With greater justice, we think, they might be called "The Publisher's Concerts." Nearly every vocal piece sung was of the latest production; copies, still wet from the press, lying on the counter, crying out, "Who'll come and buy me?" As long as the compositions are good we do not find fault with this mode of advertising; but the attempt to force indifferent ware upon the public should meet with no forbearance. Of course with such practised artists nothing but success could follow, and we have only to chronicle the leading features of each night's performance.

On Tuesday the triumphs of the evening must be awarded to Miss Arabella Goddard, in the first instance, in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," in both of which she created a furor, the latter being demanded with acclamations; afterwards to Signor Piatti, for his fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*: to Miss Dolby, for her expressive singing in Balfe's charming song, "Daybreak;" to Miss Stabbach, in Linley's ballad, "Bonnie new moon;" and to the Swedish singers in all they sang.

At the second concert, on Wednesday, Mr. Sims Reeves made his appearance and was received with uproarious delight. He sang Balfe's never-tiring song, "Come into the garden, Maud," and with Mr. Weiss, the duet, "All's well," and was enthusiastically encored in both. Miss Arabella Goddard again enraptured her hearers in Fumigalli's "Clarice" and Thalberg's "Prophète." Miss Dolby sang in her most finished and expressive manner Duggan's new song, "Many a time and oft;" and the Swedish singers again distinguished themselves in several of their national melodies.

At the third concert Miss Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's fantasias on "Masaniello," and "The Last Rose of Summer;" Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Bonnie Jean," and "Phoebe, dearest;" Mr. Weiss gave his own song, "We were boys together," also a song by Angelina, called "Sir Marmaduke," a very pleasing composition, by the way; and Miss Dolby sang Faithful's ballad, "These dear old times." All these pleased more or less, and constituted the features of the performance. Miss Goddard, receiving five "encores" too marked and unanimous to be resisted, thus played *eleven times* during the series of concerts instead of six!

The three concerts were conducted by Mr. Benedict with his accustomed ability, and with more than his accustomed indefatigability.

FUNKE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me whether Mr. J. Funke (a composer for the pianoforte) was ever in England? He was, of course, only a spark, but perhaps in your extensive researches you may have seen or heard of him.

I am yours, &c.,

STYKA.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—In the paragraph you have inserted in to-day's *Musical World*, on the late concert given by the Torquay Choral Society, you have omitted to give the name of the duet for violin and piano, played by Mr. Rice and myself. It was the "Kreutzer Sonata."

Had it been an unimportant composition, I should not, of course, have troubled you with this note; but as it is about the most important composition for the violin and piano ever written, and also extremely important to find that it was enjoyed by a tolerably large audience in so out-of-the-way a place as this, I trust you will kindly mention in your next number that this was the duet performed. Faithfully yours,

Torquay, Dec. 5.

C. FOWLER.

"ELLA TREMANTE."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in which opera of Donizetti's is to be found the tenor aria "Ella tremante," as I have in vain endeavoured to procure the same. Should you be unacquainted with it, possibly some of your many readers may oblige me with the information. Your obedient servant,

TENORE ROBUSTO.

EPIGRAMS.

No. 1.

Lo! Fashion scorns the gifts of health and wealth,
Upon her altar laid by Folly and by Vice;
The pampered goddess now demands by stealth
Of wives and daughters a burnt sacrifice.

No. 2.

You pretty birds, whom Fashion now encages,
The better to display how fine you're plumed,
Mind, only phoenixes—my little sages—
Rise from their ashes when by fire consumed.

DUBLIN.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews made their first appearance here, after their recent successful engagement in London, in the brilliant and cleverly written comedy of *London Assurance*. The acting of Mr. Charles Mathews is so familiar to the theatrical public, so easy and assured, and marked by such self-possession under the most startling circumstances, that he imparts the impress of a conventional reality in scenes which are meant to test the coolness of the men of the world, and leaves the idea on the mind that he could light a cigar at the crater of Vesuvius, without being disturbed in his equanimity by the sudden outbreak of flames that Pliny could not speak of without peculiar emotion. As the fashionable and worldly Dazzle, Mr. Mathews acted with his wonted quiet piquancy of manner, and telling *abandon*, producing a commensurate effect upon the audience. Mrs. Mathews does not make her appearance in Lady Gay Spanker, until a late period in the comedy, and when her joyous laughter was heard behind the scenes, the applause was initiated. In person and face the lady is attractive, her voice is clear and judiciously modulated, and the dashing fox-hunting woman of the country was depicted with great vivacity. In the well-known passage in which the exciting race, and the rivalry of the opposing horses, was described, the dash and animation of the actress renders justice to the author's word-painting.—*Saunders*.

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

Berlin, Sept. 30, 1858.

DEAR DWIGHT,—Remembering how very interesting to me, years ago, any operatic programme from a foreign city was; how it seemed to give me a clearer idea of the manner *how* things were done, I translate complete the "Zettel" of last evening, leaving it for you to drop it into the basket or not, as you see fit.

ROYAL DRAMA, OPERA-HOUSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

(167th performance.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Opera in 2 parts, by E. SCHICKANEDER.

Music, G. MOZART.

Sarastro	Hr. Fricke.
Tamino	Hr. Krüger.
Queen of Night	Frau Köster.
Pamina, her daughter	Fraulein Wippem.
Papageno	Hr. Krause.
Monastatos, a negro	Hr. Basse.
Speakers (of the Priests)	Hr. Bost, Hr. Koser.
Ladies	Fraulein Carl, Frau Böttcher, Frl. Baldamus.
Papagena	Fraulein Baur.
Two men in black armour	Hr. Lieder, Hr. Friese.
Genii	Frl. Gey, Frl. v. Meddlhammer, Frau Stürmer.
Retinue of Priests, Slaves, People.	

Text books, 12 1-2 cts.

Programme, 2 1-2 cts.

Middle Prices.

Strangers' Boxes	\$1 50.
1st Rank and its Balcony with Proscenium boxes and orchestral seats	1 00.
Parquet, Parquet Boxes, and Proscenium, 2nd Rank,	75.
2nd Rank Boxes	56.
3d Rank and its Balcony	44.
Parterre	37 1-2.
Amphitheatre (Gallery)	25.

Notice.

Thursday, September 30. 168th Performance. Die Capulet'si and Montecchi. Opera in 4 parts, translated from the Italian by J. C. Gräubaum. Music by Bellini. Middle Prices.

Sick. Fraulein Triet-eh, Herr Schäffer.

Beginning 6 1-2 P.M. End about 9 1-2.

Ticket Office will be open at 5 1-2 P.M.

I have no long disquisition to write upon the music of the *Magic Flute*. It is enough to say that I consider it as possessing more truly beautiful and popular music, both melodic and harmonic, than any other opera ever written. *Don Juan* is greater, because there are greater passions in it to portray; but nothing can be more beautiful than the constant succession, the heaping up, of the loveliest melodies, together with accompaniments and harmonic combinations, which are as extraordinary and marvellous to the contrapuntist now as in 1791. Sometimes when I have not read *As You Like It*, or the *Tempest*, or the *Winter's Tale*, for several months, I re-peruse them with the feeling that I never felt their beauty adequately before. So last evening, solos, duets, quintets, choruses, overture, accompaniment and all, familiar as all are,—constantly to be met with as most of them are in our song-books, glee-books, psalm-books in all sorts of shapes and all kinds of texts—seemed almost for the first time to open to me their delicious perfection.

Near the close of the opera, as I listened with "John"—whose emotions were written in his face—it was the first hearing—both of us in that rather rare state, one of perfect satisfaction with the music—I was startled by something peculiarly familiar. Ah, Mozart, I should not have thought this of you! I hope I

shall find myself mistaken, when I hear it again or get the music to examine; and I shall be so, if it does not prove that you, in the ritornello, in this air of Monastatos, and in a part of the vocal motives, have stolen the idea bodily from the *Largo al factotum*, in Rossini's *Barber*.

(Interruption from the reader.) "But, Mr. Diarist, Rossini's opera was not written until twenty-three years after the *Magic Flute*!"

Is that so, reader? Well, then, Mozart is free from the imputation of plagiarism in this case. But what right had he to compose such prophetic music? He was always doing it. If at the opera you are struck with a concerted piece for any number of voices up to the sextet, which naturally springs out of the dramatic situation, in which, at the same moment, as many different passions are depicted in music upon the stage, as there are parts, you will be sure to find something almost perfect of the same kind, as a model, in one or more of his operas; if you are struck with the effect of a concealed chorus, singing solemn music, as in so many modern operas, this bad Mozart did the same thing again and again, and save by Gluck, with almost unparalleled effect; in this very *Magic Flute*, you have two men come upon the stage and sing an old Lutheran choral, while the orchestra works up a fugued subject about it. Now, what right had this man to forestall Meyerbeer's greatest effects in the *Huguenots* and *The Prophet*? If the man had lived twenty years longer, I don't see that he would have left a single new musical idea for his successors to have wrought out—his European successors; of course, for when our "free, independent, and enlightened citizens" take to operatic writing, we shall beat the world, as we do now in architecture, sculpture, painting, landscape gardening, railroad building, steamboat exploding, and I know not what all. John Smith assures me, that we do lead all Europe in these things, and this being so, we shall soon also lead the way in opera. Then where will Mozart be with his *Don Juan* and *Magic Flute*? This brings me back again, from my ride on the American eagle.

A vast amount of matter has been printed upon the history of the *Magic Flute*, but much of it is scattered, and has escaped both Holmes and Oulibicheff. Without waiting for the fourth volume of Jahn, which, judging from the first three, will give us the story in full, here are two or three matters, which I think will be new to the reader.

The authorship of the text is almost universally attributed to Schickaneder, as it is by the programme given above, by Nissen, and after him by Holmes and Oulibicheff. Yet, many years ago, I think in an early volume of the *London Musical World*, some twenty-five years since, there is a notice of the death of a German teacher in Dublin, Ireland, who claimed it. So far as my reading goes, no notice of this has ever been taken—not even so much as to question the man's veracity. And yet a text is a matter of some importance at least—many a one has carried good music with it to the shades, and some have saved music in itself hardly good enough to be worthy of contempt—and its author is worth finding out.

I translate a short article on this point from the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*, of June 13, 1849.

"The real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* was not Schickaneder, but his chorus singer, Giesecke, who drew up the plan of the action, made the division of scenes, and manufactured the familiar naïve rhymes. This Giesecke—as J. Cornet relates in his interesting book, *Die Oper in Deutschland*—a student born in Brunswick, and expelled from the University at Halle—was author of several magic operas, also of the *Magic Flute* (after Wieland's *Lulu**), Schickaneder having no other share in it than to alter, cut out, add, and—claim the whole. The poor devil of a Giesecke contrived to keep soul and body together by singing small parts, and in the chorus on Schickaneder's stage in the *Freihaus auf der Wieden*—the Theater an der Wien not yet being built.

(To be continued).

* Wieland's *Lulu*? I know of no play or tale of this title in Wieland's Works. The poem, "Schack Loio," has nothing in common with the text of the *Magic Flute*. Who can tell us?

MUSIC AND MUSICAL TASTE IN HAVANA.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR TAGLIAMICO TO A FRENCH FRIEND IN CUBA.
(Translated for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.)

Havana, February 25th.

MY DEAR V.—We have often conversed during the present season of the Havana Italian Opera, and you have seemed to attach some value to my observations, rather, I fancy from the recollection of the days when we were chums at the college of Henry IV., than on account of my personal importance in this theatre. Allow me, in leaving here, to give you my impressions with the candour of which you know that I am possessed.

I have, during my stay in your fine country, written a dozen letters that I design for publication. I will send you what I have written from Paris or from London. In the meantime I will give you a summary, as brief as possible, of all in those letters that touches the question of art.

You have often smilingly asked me, "What do you think of our Italian theatre?" My dear V., you know Mrs. Glass's receipt for a potted hare: "the indispensable thing is first a theatre."

"But, say you, the great Tacon theatre?" Well, the Tacon theatre is an immense building, which might do admirably for a ballet or a fairy spectacle, but never, never for hearing singing, and especially Italian singing. Built in violation of all the best known rules of acoustics, without any regard for draughts of air (I appeal for this to the musicians of the orchestra, whose cigar smoke darkened the foot lights and choked the singers during rehearsals), open to every wind, to every noise, to every smell; not far from a railroad, whose American engines, with a most unmelodious screaming, add new effects to Verdi's harmonies: finally, covered with a kind of zinc roof, which, on rainy days, makes cymbals entirely useless in the orchestra, the great Tacon theatre has not even a retiring room (for the singers that would be a luxury) which, communicating with the orchestra, would allow the musicians to tune their instruments at the beginning and between the acts of the opera.

You call this a theatre for Italian Opera? I do not speak of the stage—that *sanctum impenetrabile* of every theatre that respects itself, to which, in Paris and St. Petersburg, no one is admitted except by a permit of the Minister. Here the stage is a mere tobacco-shop. Smoking is prohibited in the lobbies of the theatre; but behind the scenes one may smoke in the *coulisses* in the very faces of the singers, who may have taken, during the day, every precaution to keep their voices clear and their lips fresh; so that Lucrezia, or the Favourite of King Alphonso, or the niece of the very noble Don Ruiz Gomez de Silva, have to sweep up, with their velvet or satin robes, the saliva of Messieurs the subscribers. The chorister smokes, the machinist smokes, the soldier on guard smokes, dressers, sweepers, servants, black and white—all smoke. Is there any need of all this, to remind us poor artists that our art, our ambition, our glory, everything, is only smoke? We know it well enough, without having to pay so dear for it.

An Italian theatre requires, moreover, an orchestra and a chorus. I know your opinion, and the press has been unanimous in regard to the orchestra and chorus of this season. I have, therefore, no hesitation in testifying to their worthlessness. But by what right can you demand at Havana an orchestra and a chorus? Have you ever done anything to procure them? You do not pretend that Maretzek, or any other director, should bring you from Europe or the United States, twenty-four choristers, and as many first-class musicians for the orchestra, which are necessary to put your theatre on a level with other establishments of the kind? We have often laughed, I assure you, when your journals have anathematised the first performance of *La Favorita*, on account of the general effect and the scenic appointments. Do you know that, to produce this work in Paris, six months of rehearsals were required, with the orchestra and chorus of the Grand-Opéra? Do you know that, in London, for two months, our chorus have been rehearsing every day the works that we are to produce next summer? You say the *mise-en-scène* is deplorable. And whose fault is it? Did not Maretzek

have to pay \$550 for the right of *not* having in *Norma* a view of the Rue de la Paix, with the Vendome column in the background, and in *Maria di Rohan* a Pompadour chamber and ornaments, in *Ernani* a portrait nailed to the wall, so that the bandit was obliged to hide himself in the antechamber—in a word, pitiable appointments, and disgustingly dirty!

When, Havanese, you shall have established by a private subscription—which is the easiest thing in the world with your pecuniary resources—a conservatory of music, where you can train vocal and instrumental performers; a Philharmonic Society, such as are found now-a-days in the small cities of Italy, France, England, and Germany—a society which will promote a taste for music in all classes—when you shall bring out at your monthly concerts and in a grand annual festival, the productions of the great masters; when, in a word, you shall know, otherwise than by name, the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., &c., then you will have a right to be hard to please, and to demand of foreign managers, to whom you furnish resources found in your own country, a perfect performance; then, but then only, you will have the right to call your country a musical country. Why, you have not even a quartett *soirée* in Havana! You have not a single house where people meet for music, or where artists are received! You know, my dear V., how much the art of music at home owes to the *salons* of your countrywoman, the Countess Merlin, to the Rochefoucaults, the Cazes, the Orfilas, the Cremieux, the Girardins, and others, among whom the greatest artists of all kinds were the peers of the greatest names of France.

To return to the theatre. You have a queer word in your island, which shocked me a good deal at first. It is the word *Trabajar* (to work) applied to the profession of a singer. "When do you work?" people would ask me. "Do you work in *La Sonnambula*?" "How well Madame Gazzaniga worked last evening in *La Traviata*?" This word, I soon learned, was perfectly appropriate to these who sang at the Tacon Theatre.

You are right. The art of singing here, is not the most ideal, the most perfect expression of the feelings of the soul. It is work, work for the throat, the lungs, the arms, the legs, the whole muscular system. There is only one way to sing at the Tacon Theatre, it is to scream. *Cantar es gridar!* And this will explain the success of every singer who, consenting to sacrifice his artistic convictions, seeks to produce effects, for example, by that eternal holding of the dominant, on which he seems to hang with his whole strength, to fall afterwards with all his weight on the tonic. Everywhere else this is a mark of bad taste, but in Havana it excites frenzies of applause, especially if the thing is accompanied by a blow of the fist in the air, or by several rapid slaps with the open hand on the chest; (probably a sign of *mea culpa*!) This is sublime, according to Havana taste.

"But," say you, "the great Marty company." When you say these words you produce in me all the effect of most old grumblers of the first Empire, who, when reading the reports from the Crimea, never failed to exclaim, "Ah, the Old Guard! Where is the grand army?" The artists of this great company have been our friends and comrades of the theatre, at London or St. Petersburg, before they dreamed of coming to Havana, where, it is true, they had their greatest success, but where also they terminated their career, with one exception, and (between ourselves) without getting rich, for their wardrobes, left in pledge in your hands, alone saved them from Moro Castle, the Clichy of the Antilles.

"*Ils ne chantent plus*," as Marcel says in the Hugenots, and the exception I have made proves the rule in the Tacon Theatre. In fact, I have read all the papers of the time, and I have found that Mme. Bosio was daily accused of sparing her voice, of singing carelessly, of being cold, in a word, of *not working* as hard as her associates. Mme. Bosio is now the first cantatrice of Europe. She is, said lately one of your friends, the only one of the "great company" who understood the Tacon Theatre—the theatre still full of their voices. That does not surprise me, I answered; they left their voices here!

I would not speak to you of the press and the public (that is

hard for me, who owe them nothing but praise)—of the public, whose judgment is always sovereign, if not infallible—of the press, whose duty it is first to express the impressions of the public, and then (and it is its most important mission) to enlighten it, to guide it, to instruct it, to teach it, to regulate its sympathies, so that art may not fall into the hands of the parties that cannot fail to arise in a country like yours, far removed from the great centres of light, progress, and civilisation. I have certainly read all that has been written in the journals upon the Italian Opera, during the season, and I candidly declare there are not two lines from which an artist could derive benefit, or which could in the least degree assist the public in forming their opinion.

One paper, in the beginning, with a very slightly disguised opposition to Maretzek's undertaking, hazarded some technical musical words, confounding style with method, blaming one artist for altering, and another for transposing his airs, without troubling itself about the voices, the proprieties, nor even the traditions of the great operas of Europe. This, happily, did not last long; the critic soon found himself at the end of his vocabulary, and then began what we call the "proof before letters," the criticism before performance. Here is a specimen: "On such a day, such an opera was given. Why does such an artist sing in it, and why not another? We should like to know, Mr. Manager, how many rehearsals you are going to have. Ah, ah! eight years ago we heard the same opera given by the great company. Take care, *caramba!* for we shall be there, we the Cids of criticism, the Don Quixotes of the *feuilleton!*"

But of rational appreciation there is none; of analysis of the good points of this artist or the defects of that one, none. No, I am mistaken. A certain sergeant of my acquaintance was blamed for having, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, kicked away a piece of bread which annoyed him on the stage, without regard for the public! But this poor sergeant had tight pantaloons, and an accident might happen to him so easily. To go higher; Ronconi was to be the star of the season. What is the amount of the criticism on this artist? In *Maria di Rohan*, they have proved clear as day that it is always imprudent for husbands to look through key-holes; also that in seizing a woman by the hair, there is danger of pulling off her head-dress. We have read all these things! In *L'Elisir d'Amore* he has been advised not to embrace the Notary, as he does when he has to say, "T' abbraccio, e ti saluto, *ufficial d'amor.*" These are observations full of delicacy and propriety, when they relate to two of the grandest creations of that great artist, called Ronconi. Poor Ronconi! has he not been advised by a journal—I will spare it the shame of naming it—to engage himself in the comic *troupe*, to take the place of Ruiz, the clown and buffoon of the place? O glory! That the greatest dramatic genius of the time, the actor whose name is inscribed by London critics next after that of Rachel on the list of celebrities of the stage, should come to Havana, to be disposed of in this way! *Habent sua fata, histriones!*

I have told you that, under such circumstances, parties are inevitable, especially with an ignorant and foolish public. So we have had them this season here, where, instead of a public—*l'illustrado publico*, as the bills say—we have had two parties; where, instead of an Italian *troupe*, we have had two *prima donnas* eclipsing all the rest; vehement, fanatical, insane parties, and *prima donnas* much amazed, I am sure, at the excess of honour or of indignity offered them. One evening I asked one of these rude partisans the cause of this inexplicable worship of an idol who was certainly far from reckoning perfection among her divine attributes. He answered me, "I love Gog, because I hate Magog." "And you hate Magog?" "Because I love Gog!" I asked no more.

What idolatries have we not witnessed? You recollect, my dear V., that temple ringing with frantic hurrahs, the seats shaking under the blows of the knights of the chandelier (the *claqueurs*) the bouquets strewing the stage (they were swept away at each fall of the curtain to serve for further triumphs in succeeding acts); the crowns of artificial flowers, of gold or tinsel acorns, with which the goddess had to cover her heated brow; the doves—that emblem of peace ever since the flood—carrying in their claws the symbols of discord, the colours of the

parties; and finally the sonnets, the caricatures, the journals, the papers, large and small, rough or satined, of every form, of every colour—this was the ordinary ceremony.

But on the great days, the benefits, the ancient saturnalia was revived in all its splendour. After having exhibited the goddess in a glory, surrounded by little loves, in a blaze of Bengal lights, amid a shower of scraps of gold paper, the adepts conducted her to her chariot, and the march of the ox Apis began. Nothing was wanting—neither the yelling of the crowd, nor the torches waving in the dark night, nor the boys hanging to the trees, the windows, everywhere, and crying "Long live the goddess! Death to her rival!" At last and above all, the inexpressible *zizi boumboum* of two military bands, playing two different airs at the same time (what airs! what music!) accompanied and completed this tropical masquerade.

"What!" they will exclaim in Europe, "all that for a scale well done, a note finely given, or a trill skillfully executed?" Well, well, voice, singing, talent had nothing to do with this matter. People had first to amuse themselves, to belong to a party, to pretend to be connoisseurs, and as, at the end of the account, the result was no small amount of golden ounces and Spanish quadruples, for the manager and the artists, everybody found the fun charming. But *pour l'amour de Dieu!* my dear V., ask me no more what I think of your Italian Opera. Come and see Ronconi and me in London, next summer. We will show you the Royal Italian Opera; and you shall see for yourself, as we used to say at college, *quod erat demonstrandum*. Bring us some cigars! Yours, D. TAGLIAFICO.

HARMONDSWORTH.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert, aided by professional talent, was given in the National School-room of the united parishes of Harmondsworth and West Drayton, Middlesex, in aid of the school funds, on Saturday last, and attracted a very numerous audience. The amount realised was considerable. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (Semiramide), Pianoforte à Quatre Mains. Messrs. Clinton and J. P. Clinton—Rossini. Song, "To Julia," Mr. Braithwaite—Hatton. Ballad, "Oh! chide me not, my mother," Mrs. Thrupp—Maria B. Hawes. Song, "Di Provenza" (Traviata), Mr. Thorley—Verdi. Canzonet, "La Primavera" with Flute Obligato, Mrs. Thrupp, and Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—T. C. Skeffington. Song, "A tanto amor" (Favorita), Mr. Chaple—Donizetti. Song, "Il segreto" (Lucrezia Borgia), Mrs. Thrupp—Donizetti. Song, The maiden's dream, Mr. Braithwaite.

PART II.—Andante and capriccio, pianoforte, Mrs. Thrupp—Mendelssohn. Song, "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," Mr. Braithwaite—Hodson. Song, "The three fishers," Mr. Thorley—Hullah. Fantasia, flute, on airs from Rigoletto, Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—Clinton. Song, "Nobil donna" (Huguenots), Mrs. Thrupp—Meyerbeer. Song, "Il Balen (Trovatore), Mr. Chaple—Verdi. Song, "The minstrel boy," Mr. Thorley—Moore. Buffo song, Mr. Braithwaite. Finale, "God save the Queen." Conductor, Mr. Clinton.

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7. ABBIATA ZINGARA
8. STRIDE LA VAMPA
9. IL BALEN
10. D' AMOR SULL' ALI
11. MISERERE
12. AH! CHE LA MORTE
13. SI, LA STANCHEZZA

RIGOLETTO.

14. QUESTA O QUELLA
15. MINUETTO
16. E' IL SOL DELL' ANIMA
17. POSSENTE AMOR
18. LA DONNA E MOBILE
19. TUTTO E GIOIA

ERNANI.

20. COME RUGIADA
21. ERNANI INVOLAMI
22. TUTTO SPREZZO
23. INFELICE! E TU CREDEVI
24. AH! MORIR
25. VIENI MECO
26. OH! DE VERD

LUISA MILLER.

27. LO VEDI E' L
28. QUALE UN SORRISO
29. DEH! LA PAROLA
30. QUANDO LE SERE
31. LA TOMBA E UN LETTO

LES VEPRES SICILIENNES.

32. BEAU PAYS
33. ET TOI, PALERME
34. CHŒUR SUR LA MER

35. MARCHE
36. DANCE, No. 1
37. DANCE, No. 2
38. DANCE, No. 3
39. DANCE, No. 4
40. AMI, LE CŒUR D'HELENE
41. POUR MOI RAYONNE
42. MERCI, JEUNES AMIES
43. LA BRISE

MARTHA.

44. ACCORETE
45. QUANTI VOCI
46. NANCY GUARDA
47. CORO
48. QUI SOLA, VERGIN ROSA
49. CHI MI DIRA
50. IL TUO STRAL
51. M' APPARI TUTT' AMOR
52. LA LE PANCHE

LA SONNAMBULA.

53. TUTTO E GIOIA
54. COME PER ME
55. SOVR' IL SEN
56. PRENDI L' ANEL
57. AH, VORREI TROVAR
58. VI RAVISSO
59. TU NON SAI
60. D' UN PENSIERO
61. NON E QUESTO
62. TUTTO E SCIOLTO
63. AH, PERCHE NON
64. AH! NON GIUNGE

NORMA.

65. MARCIA
66. CASTA DIVA
67. AH, BELLO A ME
68. OH, DI QUAL SEI
69. IN MIA MANO
70. OIA MI PASCO
71. QUAL COR TRADISTI

I PURITANI.

72. AH, PER SEMPRE
73. A TE, O CARA

74. CINTA DI FIORI
75. SUONA LA TROMBA

DON PASQUALE.

76. BELLA SICCOMME
77. COM' E GENTIL
78. TORNAMI A DIR CHE M'AMI
79. LA MORALE

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

80. COM' E BELLO
81. DI PESCATORE
82. IL SEGRETO

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

83. PERCHE NON HO
84. TORNA, TORNA
85. SULLA TOMBA (second movement)
86. O SOLE PIU RATO
87. FRA POCO A ME
88. TU CHE A DIO

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

89. O LUCE DI QUEST'
90. PER SUA MADRE
91. A CONSOLARMI

L'ELISIRE D' AMORE.

92. UNA FURTIVA

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

93. APPARVI ALLA LUCE
94. CIASCUN LO DICE
95. TIROLESE

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

96. QUAND JE QUITTAIS
97. O FORTUNE A TON

LES HUGUENOTS.

98. PIFF, PAFF
99. NOBIL DONNA
100. RATAFLAN

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